Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS. PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK.

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AGAINST THE RULES.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

SOME visitors were passing through
A hospital, one day,
Where here and there, on tidy cots,
The youthful patients lay,
When one, whose mother-love was strong,
Whose tender heart grew sad
At thought of all these children missed,
With loving smile stooped down and kissed
A suffering little lad.

The other children were amazed;
The boy blushed rosy-red,
And looked as if he had beheld
An angel near his bed;
The nurse—who had been trained, alas!
In nature's strictest schools—
Whispered in solemn tones to her
Who had created such a stir,
"It is against our rules!"

Against the rules to kiss and pet
The children lying there!
Against the rules to comfort them,
And strengthen them to bear
Their aches and pains! Around the room
The lady's glances ranged,
And she exclaimed, with pitying sigh,
"No wonder that they droop and die!
'Tis time those rules were changed!"

FRECKLES O'REILLY AND THE PRETTY YOUNG LADY.

BY FRANK MARSHALL WHITE.

In Two Parts.—Part II.

THE cross landlady screamed and ran for water; and just as two or three servants rushed into the room Freckles seized the letter that had fallen to the floor and thrust it into his pocket. He knew that the young lady had only fainted, and he wanted to wait until she revived and then tell her that he would go over to Clinton Avenue again, and this time see that her mother read the letter if it cost him a thrashing. But one of the servants noticed him and ordered him out of the room.

Then the little messenger decided to rush over to Brooklyn at once, show the letter to the pretty young lady's mother, and tell her himself how her daughter was situated, and take the chance of finding the young lady there when he got back.

When Freckles rang the bell again of the Clinton Avenue house, three quarters of an hour later, he was breathless; but he had the letter buttoned up clear under his waistcoat, and was determined that the harsh gentleman should not see it. A maid opened the door this time, and Freckles told her that he had a letter which he was instructed to hand to Mrs. Bedford in person.

"An' d'ye think I'll have ye trampin' up the stairs wid them dirty feet," said the maid. "Give me the letter an' I'll take it to her."

Freckles refused to deliver the letter, and to his horror the tones of the maid's voice brought the harsh gentleman into the hall attired in dressing-gown and slippers, with a newspaper in his hand.

"What!" he said, angrily. "You're the same boy that I sent away this morning."

"N-no, sir," stammered Freckles, regretting the falsehood but hoping to further his cause by it.

"Have you got another message?" demanded the gentleman, sternly.

"I've got a letter for *Mrs.* Roger C. Bedford," said Freckles, stoutly, recovering some of his assurance.

"Give it to me," said the gentleman.

"I wont," responded Freckles, and made for the door.

But the door was closed, and before he could reach it the gentleman had him by the collar and was feeling for his pockets. Freckles, with one despairing thought of the pretty young lady in Tenth Street, turned upon the gentleman, struck vigorously at his face, and furiously kicked his unprotected shins, determined to defend the letter at all hazards.

"Ow! Ouch!" roared the gentleman. "Goodness gracious! You little monster! Maggie, take him away! Ow! Ouch!"

And he let go of Freckles's collar and sat down on the bottom front stair and tenderly nursed his bruised shins, while the messenger boy reached the door and darted away from the house with the maid screaming "Police" after him at the top of her voice.

The fear of being arrested temporarily banished all other thoughts, and it was not until he had run four blocks at the top of his speed that he remembered his errand and the pretty young lady in Tenth Street. Then there was a long struggle in his mind whether to run the risk of being arrested and make another attempt to see Mrs. Bedford, or to go back to the office in New York and let the whole matter drop. It was none of his business anyway, he said to himself; and even if he did see the mother she would probably do as her husband had done. He had just concluded to take a street car down to the big bridge, when the vision of the pretty young lady's face seemed to float before him, and with a sharp whistle he started toward Clinton Avenue again. This time he went up two blocks past the house and crossed over into the next street. He found an alley that led him directly back of the place, but it had a high, board wall with spikes on top. While Freckles was gazing at this wall a stable door next to it opened, and a man in his shirt-sleeves, in a green waistcoat with brass buttons, looked out. He had a pleasant face and he said, good-naturedly:

"Hullo, young feller! Will you fly over that fence or climb it?"

Freckles decided to take the man into his confidence, and he told him that he had a letter he wanted to give to *Mrs.* Bedford in the house back of the stable. The man with the green waistcoat burst into a roar of laughter and shouted:

"I'll bet my hat you're the little divil that's just after kicking the master's shins. I wish you'd come an' do it every day. He's that crusty since the young missus went away there's no livin' with him. Gimme the letter an' I'll take it to the missus myself. I'm the coachman."

Ruskin attributes landscape art to Christianity, and dates its beginning toward the end of the pre-Raphaelite period; the theorists seem to forget, however, that the old Sanskrit poetry is full of landscape pictures. But, apart from all theories, the fact remains that Swiss patriotism (the strongest in Europe) is a love of the state rather than of the land.

For ages foreign powers tried to win these mountains, but recoiled before the stalwart patriotism of the mountaineers. No European power now thinks of the attempt except as utterly hopeless. Switzerland has become like the elephant in the lottery—no one wishes to draw it, for it would be too expensive to keep it. Napoleon's Swiss troops were always deserting or filling his military hospitals with invalids. He ordered his chief surgeon, Larrey, to study the fact, and Larrey declared the Swiss "homesickness" to be a real disease, and it has ever since had a technical name in medical books as nostalgia.

The political freedom, the inartificial social life, the comfortable homes, the idyllic mountain life, the elevating artisan life of the Swiss, bind them to their country as by a moral magic.

They are a musical people; an unmusical Swiss would be an anomaly. They have never produced a great musical composer, but the whole country rings with "popular music," and the Swiss melodies are known the world over. Who does not know the *Ranz des Vaches?*

The love of flowers is characteristic of many people, but it is a passion with the Genevese. Their cemetery is the best flower-garden—one continuous flower-bed covering acres. Most of their homes are on "flats," of buildings five or six stories high, and not a few of them have at every window a little flower garden, beautifying often the dreariest exteriors.

I have alluded to the impress of the Calvinistic Reformation on the national character—the sobriety and solidity of the popular mind. This is still a very obvious characteristic. The people have got rid of the Calvinistic dogmas, but not of their old moral earnestness. This traditional effect is, as I have said, more obvious than it is in Scotland or New England. It is a permanent element of the popular temperament.

One fact more, for I must hasten. Their own writers impute to the Genevese a keen relish for money-making. It is a common remark that it would take seven Jews to make one Genevese. As a personal characteristic this is an ugly trait; as a public fact it is a salutary one. The common people of most countries suffer by their thriftless habits, and this evil is one of the greatest calamities of states—a fruitful cause of pauperism and crime. No people are more thrifty than these Genevese, and none more comfortable, more orderly, or more intelligent. But, as I have said in a previous letter, the ugliest vices are those of the virtues. Most of the shops here have two prices, one for their own "cute" people, another for foreigners. Haggling in bargains is general. That scandal of Europe, the *Pour Boire* (drink-money, or "feeing"), prevails here, notwithstanding the superiority, and especially the superior self-respect, of the people, as compared with other countries. You must "fee" servants in hotels, and every-where, even when "service," as it is called, is charged in your hotel bills. You must still "remember the servants" when you depart, or be liable to mortifying embarrassments. Every *cocher*, or coachman, has a printed *tarif* of charges, enacted by the city government, and usually tacked on the inside of his carriage; but if you fail to offer him an additional *Pour Boire*, he resents your negligence, and sometimes with a clamorous broil in the street. Often this social nuisance involves you in great perplexity, for a foreigner seldom knows how much to give or whom to give it to.

I have alluded to a "little incident" which occurred at our visit to Calvin's College, and which led my Yankee friend to discuss Genevan manners at the restaurant table where we afterward refreshed ourselves. On approaching the college a well-dressed person opened the door, bearing in his arms a large open box full of small household articles. Perceiving our wish to enter, he put down his box and conducted us over the edifice in the politest manner, explaining every thing in good English.

Servant or not, he was evidently a gentleman, and a highly intelligent one. Was he a beadle, or a *concierge*, or a professor, or what?

As we were about to retire, my friend whispered to me, with manifest anxiety,

"What about the *Pour Boire?*"

We could not insult this polite, intelligent man by treating him as a servant; but, were he a servant or janitor, he would be insulted by our not rewarding his attentions.

What could we do? We thanked him as a gentleman, and retired in no little confusion. As my friend chewed his first mouthful of beefsteak he muttered,

"It is outrageous!"

"Indeed!" I replied; "mine is very good."

"I do not mean the steak," he rejoined. "I mean the *Pour Boire*. What if he is not a servant or *concierge*, what must he think of us Americans?"

I shared his chagrin, but endeavored to relieve it by remarking that our cicerone was evidently too intelligent to mistake our motive, and would probably accept our compliment of esteeming him a professor or gentleman, as preferable to any *Pour Boire*.

I beseech you keep this "outrageous" nuisance out of America. It is demoralizing to servants and intolerably embarrassing to travelers. It is the old "backsheesh" of the barbarous East, and one of the worst social disparagements of Europe. Nevertheless, the characteristic money-making habits of the Swiss are generally salutary; their universal thrift is a national virtue. Few become rich, but most become comfortable; and, while riches tend generally to vice, few things tend more to popular virtue and public prosperity than "competence" and comfort among the common people. I am not complaining of the Swiss as peculiar in the evil mentioned; I am complaining that they are not peculiar—not superior in this respect, as in so many others, to the servile classes of Europe generally. Intelligent, free workingmen should disdain this contemptible sponging.

SAVED BY A SONG.

Only an old musician,
  Wasted with cruel care,
Climbing, wearily climbing,
  A thronging gallery stair;
Only a people's concert,
  Crowded from roof to floor;
Only a fair girl singing
  They never had heard before.

Only a brave girl ending
  Only an Old-World song;
Only a glad girl bowing
  To the plaudits loud and long:
Ah! but the same voice lifted
  Anew in a strange, sweet strain;
Ah! but a passionate silence,
  And a rush of tears like rain.

Only a daughter singing
  Only that old man's tune:
Ah! but a gush of music
  Like the nightingale in June.
Then a sudden storm of cheering
  From the heart of that mighty throng,
And a glad girl clasping the father
  She has saved by only a song.

—*Alfred Perceval Graves in London Spectator.*

NO.*

A Serial Story.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

CHAPTER VIII.

WITH Mimy's help Manice got her boy up stairs and into bed without meeting the aunts, who had taken Anne and Alice out to walk, and fortunately did not come back till tea-time.

Manice went up stairs when tea was over and sat down by her window. Her heart was wrung by this thing; as yet she had no explanation of the matter, she only knew that Jack had come home to her as his father had come, day after day, in those dark, dead years, she could scarce endure to remember. What should she do with him? How impress it on him that he must never taste liquor in any shape, without telling him his father's story? She could not do that. Her feeling and her principle would not permit it. Should Jack ever learn the sad truth, he must have it to remember that his mother had respected her dead husband, and tried to have her boy honor his father's memory.

Manice Boyd did not close her eyes that night. Between wrestling prayer and bitter tears the slow hours crept by; and when Jack awoke in the morning the first thing he saw was his mother's wan, piteous face by his bedside.

"Why, mammy!" he said, raising his head, but it ached so that he fell back again on the pillow. "I don't remember coming to bed," he said, in a voice of vague distress. "Am I sick?"

"Not very," said Manice. "Jack, where did you go yesterday when you took a drive with Will?"

"O, I don't exactly know. Somewhere out beyond Red Farms."

"What did you eat or drink, dear?"

"I ate a lot of apples. We stopped and picked 'em up by the road-side, where the trees hung over. Some of 'em were whackin' good, some we just bit into and threw away. I guess I ate more than the rest, because I don't like peanuts."

But did you have any thing to drink?"

"O, yes; we stopped at a watering-trough close by a cider-press, and the man gave us straws to suck it up with. 'Twasn't cider, he said, only apple juice. And it was first-rate, seemed as if I couldn't get enough of it."

Manice shuddered. Was this the first symptom of his dreadful inheritance—the thirst that is unquenchable?

"Jack," she said, in a tone of solemn horror, "you came home *drunk*."

In all her life she never forgot the cry of agony and shame that replied to her. She had brought the boy up to consider that drunkenness was a fatal disgrace, a thing so godless and indecent that it stamped a man for all time as a beast. She had meant now to impress Jack's mind. She had branded it with a hot iron.

But the mother-heart understood what she had done.

"My boy, my darling!" she said, as she lifted his face from the pillow where he had hidden it. "I don't blame you; you did not and could not know what you were doing. But I want you to understand fully what you can and what you cannot do."

"He said it wasn't cider," murmured Jack.

"But it was cider, and though many people might use it and do use it in that state without harm, *you* can't do it."

"Why?"

"Because you are made with a body that cannot bear what a great many can. The cider that would not hurt any other boy in that wagon made you drunk."

Jack sprang up in the bed and his eyes blazed.

"Why did God make me so?" he asked, passionately.

Manice choked.

"Do not ask questions of your Maker, Jack. Try instead to do your very best with what you are. If you have special weaknesses to conquer, put on all your strength for the war. A good soldier is always put in the front of the battle, and those behind follow his example when they see him rushing on to the fight. They are ashamed to run."

Jack's eye kindled.

"But now, my boy," Manice went on, "you have seen that you cannot touch the simplest form of liquor without being overcome. I want you to promise me that with God's help you never will touch or taste it again in any shape."

"I wont, any way."

"You can't keep that promise without God's help, my child. Suppose you had one of those man-eating tigers we read about the other evening in a cage in your bedroom, and he almost got out of his den, would not you call for help? Could you manage him alone? Jack, you have got a temptation born in you that is worse than any tiger, for it can kill both body and soul, and only God can help you to conquer it."

"*You* ask," whispered Jack, after a moment of awed silence.

Manice folded her hands over his, and shut her eyes.

"Our Father!" she said, softly, and Jack said it after her.

"I promise never to taste a drop of liquor as long as I live. Please help me, for Christ's sake."

"Amen," said Manice, with a sob.

It was an hour Jack never forgot. But our boy had his own troubles to bear, for it was many a day before his companions on that drive ceased to torment him.

"Hullo, Jack! Been drunk again?" they would call out, in the street or the playground, delighted to see Jack redden and set his teeth. Or, "Here's the babby, got tight on apple juice. Poor 'ittle sing! Ought to have a milk-bottle."

It was a hard and a daily trial to Jack to restrain his temper at these taunts. What he had done seemed to him so dreadful that he could not laugh with his teasers, he could only endure the lash; and he could not or would not go to his mother for comfort, for he knew by instinct that she would be more keenly hurt than he was, by far.

Yet all this, hard as it was to bear, did him great good. It strengthened his character, gave him self-reliance and self-control. He worked hard at his lessons, and at home tried by his very best behavior to comfort his mother for that one lapse so dreadful to them both.

He had a great deal of fun in his nature, and a keen enjoyment of out-door sports. Many a time he came home with a lump on his head, a black eye, or a bloody nose, the result of a fall on the ice, an encounter with a fence in coasting down hill, or an attempt at climbing some tree too frail or too slippery to support such an attack.

The aunts made great outcry when they happened to meet him in such conditions, and accused Manice of having no love for her boy, or she could not allow him to run into such dangers.

"Aunt Maria," she said, one day, quite worn-out with her aunt's expostulations, "I want Jack to be a man sometime. I have got two girls, but I can't bring the boy up as if he were a girl too."

"Very well!" answered Aunt Maria, indignantly, while Aunt Sally sighed in a piteous way. "When you see Jack brought home dead, perhaps you will think of what I say!"

"I hope he will never come back so," replied Manice; "but if he does it will be God's will, and I must submit to it. But in the meantime I must bring my boy up in the best way I know how, and trust God for the results."

The next day Aunt Sally went down into the lower part of the town to see a poor family where there was sickness, and as the day was very cold she put on an old sack, quite

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shiny with years, but lined with fur; covered her shoes with a pair of carpet socks that had been her mother's, and tied on her head a shabby hood edged with old-fashioned and moth-eaten fur, while her hands were cased in red cloth mittens of home manufacture.

"You're a sight to behold, Sally!" exclaimed Aunt Maria, as she entered the parlor.

"Well, I'm warm, Maria, and I don't like to wear good clothes down into Duck Lane, the houses are so dirty."

Manice could not keep her face straight when she saw from her window this odd old figure proceed down the street, and Mimy, who caught a view of it from the kitchen, burst out laughing.

"Well, I never saw the beat!" she ejaculated to the butcher, who also stood gaping at the queer old lady. "She's got good clothes; what upon airth does she go an' make a spectacle of herself for? I should think the boys would hoot her."

"I think likely they will," said the butcher, stolidly, and the event justified his words. For as Aunt Sally passed High Street, a hilly street that crossed Duck Lane at right angles, and was so steep as to be avoided, as much as possible, by carts or carriages, the school-boys were out in force, coasting down the slippery road-way which was the best place in Danvers for sliding down hill, as the great steepness gave an impetus to the sleds that carried them far on their way up another lesser hill. One of these sleds flew down just as Aunt Sally was passing, and knocked her head first into a deep snow-drift. Had she hit on her face she would have recovered herself more readily, but she fell on her back, and the soft, powdery snow of the drift gave her no help. She kicked and struggled and tried in vain to help herself up. But the fall had jarred her, the snow filled her mouth and eyes, and if she tried to rise on either elbow she only sank more deeply, so that the successive sliders roared with laughter at the sight of this heap of old clothes, out of which proceeded two big red-and-yellow carpet shoes kicking wildly in air.

Jack came down in his turn, but though he laughed too—for who could help it?—he steered his sled dexterously off of the track, and ran to help the odd figure that needed help so much.

He managed to lift the poor old lady a little, so that she could struggle to a sitting posture, regardless of the jeers that were yelled at him as the swift procession of sleds shot by.

"Hooray! Jack's got a girl!"

"Lovely cre'tur', aint she!"

"Sure, 'tis Biddy from Cork!"

"Saved, saved!"

"There's a figger-head!"

But Aunt Sally did not hear them. She was panting and half sobbing, but her hood was so crushed over her face that until Jack helped her to her feet, and began to brush the snow from her, neither of them recognized the other, but when the hood was once untied and removed to be shaken, she exclaimed,

"Jack!"

"Why, Aunt Sally, how came you here! Are you hurt?"

"No, I guess not. I'm out of breath though, 'twas such a jar."

"Hullo, Bill Allen!" shouted Jack. "Will you step round and send the hack here? It'll be at the station."

"The hack, me lord! Are you going to put that rag-bag into a hack?"

"It's my aunt!" said Jack, indignantly.

"Your aunt! O come now, don't yarn it; p'r'aps it's your great granny. If it's your aunt, it's Will's too. Hullo, Will! Fetch the 'ack to your haunt, will ye?" for just then Will sailed by on his sled.

He gave one look at Aunt Sally, turned as red as fire, sung out to Jack,

"What are you doin' with that tramp?" and went on up the next hill, but did not come back.

Just then an empty grocer's sleigh came by, and Jack persuaded the delivery clerk, whom he knew, to take up Aunt Sally. He, too, climbed into the sleigh and went home with her, hauling his sled behind.

From that day Aunt Sally was Jack's friend. If she was old and odd she was a woman, and felt to her heart the boy's manly protection and courage, while she equally resented Will's insulting remark and cowardly flight.

Even Aunt Maria's grim disapproval gave way to a sort of endurance.

"True as you're born!" observed Mimy, "I shouldn't really wonder ef Miss Mari' got so's to like a boy, fin'lly. 'Tis a'most ekal to convarsion, now aint it?"

Manice could only smile. She knew in her heart that a less manly boy would have followed Will's example, and she rejoiced quietly that if her boy had been trained by a woman he had shown here the best qualities of a man.

So the days and months crept by till they made years, and when Jack was well past fifteen he had learned most of what was taught in the highest grade in the school, and just as he hoped, with his uncle's help, to enter a business college and fit himself to work and help his mother. Mr. John Boyd failed in business, lost all his property, and was obliged to begin life again as teller in the Danvers Bank, very thankful to get even such a position. So our Jack was thrown on his own resources.

[*To be continued.*]

THE STORY OF THE BUTTON.

BY WILL M. CLEMENS.

In China a man is known by the buttons he wears. Show a Chinaman a man's button and he will tell you who and what he is. For buttons he will work and fight, and to own a button of imperial yellow makes a man a brother to the sun and uncle to the moon. In China public servants are divided into nine ranks, each of which has two classes, thus forming eighteen classes of office-holders. They are distinguished by the peculiarities in form and substance of the buttons they wear, which range from precious stones down through various grades of value to small bits of glass.

The West Point cadet who returns home arrayed in blue and brass is fond of the buttons he wears. The cadet aspires to wear the buttons of a lieutenant; the lieutenant those of a captain; the captain the major's, and so on up through the various grades of the United States army. It is the same in the navy. From the naval cadet to the admiral, the button worship goes on. All great warriors, except perhaps the late Gen. Grant, were proud of their buttons. Scott, at Lundy's Lane, was arrayed in full-dress uniform. Nelson, at Trafalgar, had on all his buttons and badges. A blue coat and brass buttons were part of the habitual costume of Daniel Webster. The members of the immortal Pickwick Club wore brass buttons on their coats, bearing the initials P. C.—peculiar coats, as the funny Mr. Winkle translated it. So in fiction, in politics, in war, the button holds a prominent place. The man who says, "I don't care a button," does not know what he is talking about. Even the humble suspender button is of great value to men at certain times.

The evolution of the button is something like this: Thorns, fish-bones, strings, metal clasps, pins, and buttons; and the buttons did not make their appearance until about the time Christopher Columbus discovered America. Buttons were first used entirely for ornament, and the button-hole made its way into the world long after the button.

Buttons are made of almost every material and in every color. Their manufacture is enormous, our largest factories being at Newark, N. J., Waterbury, Conn., and Springfield and Easthampton, Mass. We import from Germany, France, and England buttons to the value of $3,000,000 yearly. The first manufacturer of buttons in the United States was Samuel Williston, of Easthampton, Mass. While study-

ing for the ministry, when a young man, he nearly lost the use of his eyes. He gave up the ministry, became a country store-keeper, and married. His wife, to help keep the wolf from the door, commenced to cover by hand the wooden buttons of the time, which met with a ready sale in the store.

This led to the study of the subject, and a machine to make buttons was invented. One invention led to another, and to the establishment of a factory, constantly enlarging, in which was made more than half the buttons made in the United States. Samuel Williston made a large fortune in the button business, and lived a long and useful life, dying in 1874 at the age of seventy-nine.

The Dutch, even the higher classes of them, are remarkable for the profusion of buttons with which their dresses are covered, four being employed where an Englishman would be content with one, and each button being a third larger than those worn by Englishmen, and generally of solid silver. One whimsical fellow, who was master of a fishing smack, used to pride himself on wearing a suit of coarse blue serge, the coat of which was buttoned with Zealand rix dollars, the waistcoat with florins, the trousers with schellings, the waistband with half-crown pieces. His check shirt, moreover, had for buttons silver two-pences; his shoes were fastened with twenty-eight pence, and the band of his hat was fixed by a large gilder in front.

JUDGE NOT.

We may measure by our measure,
We may judge our fellow dust,
We can see as man e'er seeth,
And may think our judgments just;
But the hidden springs of action
There is none but God can know;
Only he can see the forces
That are working weal or woe.

There are deep and unseen currents
Moving all mankind along;
There are powers for good or evil
That impel the human throng.
There are motives born of ages
Actuating every life;
And the Witness who's eternal
Knows the victor in the strife.

—*Mrs. Hattie Couch Foster.*

IN THE UPPER GEYSER BASIN.

BY GEORGE E. VINCENT.

It was seven o'clock of an August evening when our pack-train crossed a small stream in the Yellowstone Park, and our guide began pointing out the famous geyser cones of the upper basin. There were the "Fan," the "Grand," the "Giant" and "Giantess," the "Castle," the "Cubs," and the friend of hurried tourists—"Old Faithful," which regularly every hour, in marked contrast to its more imposing but less trustworthy companions, exhibits its 150 feet of snowy spray.

There are two ways of making the tour of the National Park—by the regular "buckboards," or mud wagons, provided by the Park Transportation Company, at whose canvas hotels meals and beds are provided; or by a private pack-train and saddle horses which may be obtained from a regular Park guide, together with his services and those of a cook.

Our party of three young fellows on a college vacation of course chose the latter plan as more exciting and romantic. We engaged a guide, a cook, three saddle horses, and four pack animals, and a very hard and disreputable-looking assemblage it was that we found awaiting us on the morning of our departure. The three saddle horses we decided to distribute by lot. Of course, as the tallest and heaviest member of the party, I drew the smallest "broncho." He was no beauty, although the guide said he was a great "stayer." I was naturally glad to know this, even if I had but a hazy idea of what it meant. I afterward found out that he was a "stayer." He would "stay" about a mile behind the rest of the caravan. He always seemed sorry that he had come, and I generously shared his regret.

"Keno" was the name under which my poor horse dragged along his weary frame. His long hair was worn off in places and he looked like a superannuated hide-covered trunk. One eye was gone, and in an attempt to keep his only optic on the narrow and often dangerous trails, my Cyclopean steed carried me through the Park, as the dress-makers say, "on the bias." His gait was so excruciatingly painful that with truth I could say,

"With all his faults I loved him *still*."

Another thing which made riding decidedly hazardous was the fact that every night the horses gorged themselves with fresh grass, so that the next morning it was almost impossible to make the girths go around them. All day the bloated animals would shrink, and unless we were careful to "take in the slack" at frequent intervals, there was great danger of the saddles turning under us.

After one day of this interesting work I resolved to get even with "Keno" by leaving the saddle on over night, but the guide interfered, and my "broncho" swelled and shrank to his heart's content.

One of the pack-horses was a fine-looking animal, but he was a confirmed "bucker," and no one proposed to ride him. We called him the "meat geyser." He earned his name early in the trip. We were only an hour out from the hotel when a shout from the cook, who was following the pack-train, attracted our attention. The "bucker" was standing on one side of the trail, "humping himself," as the guide said. Cans of corned beef, tongue, ham, and Boston beans went flying into the air as though discharged from a mortar. The battered cans were collected and firmly "cinched" in place, and the "bucker" was dubbed the "meat geyser."

Notwithstanding the limitation and annoyance due to losing all our knives and forks the first day out, in spite of sleepless nights shivered away under blankets saturated with alkali dust, and in the face of all the "woes that horse-flesh is heir to," we finally reached the Upper Geyser Basin and pitched camp. The horses were put into a corral and fed, for, saving a few scanty and stunted shrubs, the basin is utterly devoid of verdure. Imagine a large snow-white plain dotted with cones, many of them steaming, and surrounded by low hills, and you have a picture of the basin. At noon the sight is dazzling, but when we arrived the slanting sun was giving a beautiful ruddy tinge to the graceful cones, and "Old Faithful" waved us a welcome with its rose-colored summit of spray.

Between our camp and the river the ground was hard and white as plaster. It seemed hollow, and walking over it was far from reassuring. To add to one's feeling of uneasiness there were numerous boiling hot springs on every side. These springs were small in diameter, but very deep. One poor little girl from the camp next ours stepped into one of these natural kettles and seriously scalded her foot and ankle.

After visiting "Old Faithful" we wandered around killing time before supper, when our guide proposed a bath in the river. We went down to the bank and felt of the water. It seemed as cold as ice. We asked to be excused, but the guide said,

"Not there; we'll go down to the bath-tub."

We "tenderfeet" had learned enough not to ask questions, so we followed in silence. A walk of ten minutes brought us to a place where a hot spring emptied its water into the river.

We saw the idea at once, and began to undress rapidly. I was ready first and waded in. The water was as cold as Greenland for a moment. Suddenly I was being boiled. I plunged on. Cold again. O how cold! I backed into the hot water again, and as hurriedly returned to the cold. The contrast was frightful. I was just making a desperate dash for the shore when the guide in a paroxysm of laughter shouted to me to "stir it up." This I did quickly by lashing my arms about and found myself in a comfortable temperature. By frequent stirring we kept the bath endurable, and returned to supper refreshed and hungry. It was my first experience in a natural bath-tub, and it seemed to me one of the greatest wonders of the wonderful Park.

After supper it grew dark, and the moon came up to take the sun's place. We sat about the fire telling of college pranks in return for stories of cowboy life, and having a good time generally. We were interested in the moral code of the great West and asked our guide why horse-thieves were treated with so little mercy.

"Mercy! Lookee here, stranger, 'spose I'm out down 'tween here an' the U. P. (Union Pacific Railroad) two hundred miles from nowhere, and a white-livered cuss comes along and snakes my broncho. What show have I got? No grub to last. I can't walk anywheres. He'd better shoot me outright. It's like scuttlin' a man's ship in mid-ocean. I tell you we aint got no use for mercy with horse-thieves. Shoot 'em at sight. Cold lead's the medicine for them."

"What's the use a shooting them at sight? Why not see if you are not mistaken?"

"'Cause they'll shoot you. Corner a horse-thief, and the best man is the man that can draw first."

We appreciated as never before as we traversed the vast lonely tracts of the park the crime of depriving a man not so much of his property as of a means of preserving life.

We turned in on the night described at an early hour, and were soon asleep. We three slept in a tent, and the guide and cook were rolled up in blankets near the fire.

About midnight I awoke parched with thirst, and reached for our water-pail, only to find it empty. I was so thirsty that I resolved to go down to the river for a drink. Quietly slipping out I started off, when I was suddenly arrested by a shout and the click of a revolver. I turned suddenly and saw our guide sitting bolt upright, and covering me with his 44-caliber Smith & Wesson.

All rules of grammar forgotten, I shouted with more eagerness than firmness,

"It's me. It's me."

A low chuckle followed my declaration, and much to my relief the revolver dropped and I went on my errand, enjoined to keep a sharp lookout for boiling springs.

Next morning, while we were at breakfast, a man came running into camp with the news that the "Grand" was "going off." We dropped every thing and ran across the narrow foot-bridge to the other side of the river.

The "Grand" was throwing a column of water five feet in diameter 250 feet into the air, with a thunder that shook the ground. The watery pillar was veiled in spray and foam. If Robert Southey could write a poem about the meager little stream that trickles down into Derwent Water at Lodore, how the "Grand" ought to have inspired him!

Twice the column fell, and twice it rose again to its full height. We were enraptured, and turned away reluctantly when the "spout" was over.

"You ought to see the 'Giantess;' this aint nothin to the 'Giantess,'" said the guide.

The "Giantess" is coy, and appears only once a fortnight, and as it was then only a few days since she had "spouted," we were compelled to turn our backs upon the basin without seeing her.

Patiently we climbed upon our horses and took the trail around Mount Washburn, hopeful, but far from confident, that we should reach home and friends, if we must endure four more days of the life we were leading.

SABOTS.

THE sabots, or wooden shoes, commonly worn by the humbler classes of western Europe are picturesque, but they have some disadvantages; for instance, the sensation of clattering about hoseless in sabots must resemble walking barefooted upon a plank road. Imagine, too, the efficiency of a wooden "slipper" in the hands of an irate parent. A letter to the "New York Times," from Antwerp, describes some features of the custom:

Many of the honest citizens wear heavy wooden shoes, which render their gait laborious and ungraceful. A number of the belles of the lower classes drag these heavy shoes along with them. The children seem to be able to manage their wooden shoes much easier than the grown people. When a dozen or more little urchins indulge in a romp in the street they set up a clatter which can be heard for blocks. The mother who wishes to find her naughty child who has left its task for street play does not at first use her eyes in the search for the juvenile delinquent. She quietly sticks one of her ears out of the window, and when she hears a loud clatter which suggests the tearing down of houses in the neighborhood she rushes toward this sound, guided by her ears. When at length she leads home her shrieking offspring, the cries of the latter are drowned by the music of its companions' footfalls.

The great advantage of the wooden shoe is its staying powers. Every one does not require a new pair of wooden shoes in his or her life-time. When the honest citizen is informed by the blooming daughter that she would like to have a new pair of wooden shoes he frowns and says,

"My child, what is the matter with that pretty pair which your grandmother received as her wedding gift? They are still neat, although not gaudy. You must remember that times are hard, and that family expenses must be kept down."

The common people seem to understand how to live cheaply. Many of the laboring men earn but 50 cents a day, and yet manage to support families, and at the same time lay up enough money to give a decent burial to those members of their families who find themselves unable to keep up the task of trying to live.

ANECDOTES OF HORACE GREELEY.

MR. GREELEY'S one absorbing affection was journalism. He could bear abuse, but he wanted it to appear according to newspaper rules. One of his friends tells this story:

Professor L. S. Packard and I were invited to breakfast with him at nine o'clock. We reached the dining-room of the hotel before him, inquired for his table and sat down. Presently he came in, handed his overcoat and hat to a waiter, and without looking toward us, ordered breakfast for one—a poached egg, some milk toast, and a cup of tea. Reaching the table he looked a little surprised, but said:

"Have you ordered your breakfasts?"

We assured him that we had not, but we ordered the same that he did.

"What paper have you?" he inquired of Packard as he sat down.

It was the "Citizen," after Miles O'Reilly left it and while Roosevelt had it.

"Any thing in it?" he asked.

"Not much, except an article attacking you," said Packard.

It was a column and a half long, but Greeley read it through.

"Absurd!" said he, "to take so much space for that. It isn't good journalism. It ought to have been said in one third of the space. That article ought never to have been permitted to go below there," he said, indicating a place with his finger.

He did not allude to the substance of the attack at all, but denounced the slovenliness and extravagance of using so much space. We took a hasty cup of tea and departed.

Barnes Greeley, the brother of Horace, tells this story of the great journalist's honesty:

When Lincoln was elected I took a notion that I would like to have the appointment of mail agent on one of our local roads. The salary was $1,000 a year, which was a big thing for me. I knew Horace could get me the appointment. I spent some money traveling around and getting recommendations, and I succeeded in getting what I thought was sufficient. I had letters from a number of leading business men along the route, as well from the party men, and these I forwarded to Horace with a letter asking him to help me. What do you suppose he did? He wrote back, returning my recommendations, with the information penned in his own hand that he could get the appointment for me without the slightest trouble, but that he didn't want to do it. He wanted me to stick to the farm. He said I was the only boy at home, and he thought it best that I should stay there. I wrote back and explained to him that I could be at home quite frequently; that at that time the salary of $1,000 a year would help me out very considerably; that another party had offered to take the position for $500 a year. I wound up by urging him to help me to the appointment. His reply was this:

"If another man offers to do this service for $500, and you expect $1,000, that is an excellent reason why you should not have it. If you had it the government would be losing $500 a year."

RETURN JONATHAN.

THE surname of Meigs with the almost inevitable prefix "Return J." is an honorable one in this country, and some interest attaches to the story of its origin as told in the "Buffalo Courier:"

One cannot help wondering how many of the bride's family bearing the historic name of Return J. Meigs were present at the nuptials of Archibald Forbes and Miss Meigs. Many have heard the story of how, in the colonial days, Jonathan Meigs courted a girl who rejected him, but whom the persistent lover told to send for him if she ever changed her mind; how she did change her mind and sent him a note bearing simply the words, "Return Jonathan;" how he returned and married her and named their first child Return Jonathan, ever since which time there has been a Return Jonathan Meigs in the family—and a very distinguished family it has been. One Return J. Meigs was taken prisoner at Quebec while serving under Arnold, was a Revolutionary colonel, received the thanks of Congress and a sword, distinguished himself at Stony Point, emigrated to Ohio and was appointed by Jefferson agent of the Cherokees. Another, his son, was a judge in Ohio, Louisiana, and Michigan, a brevet colonel in the army, war governor in Ohio in 1812–1814, United States senator and Postmaster-General. A third, nephew of the last, was a lawyer in Tennessee.

HABITS OF FAMOUS MEN.

TURNER, the painter, said, "I know of no genius but the genius of hard work." This will be found to be the experience of all who have succeeded.

Virgil took three years to compose his ten short Eclogues, seven years his "Georgics," and twelve years to polish his "Æneid."

Thucydides was upward of twenty years in writing his history of one volume.

Sainte-Beuve, the great French critic, often spent a week upon two or three pages.

Gibbon and Macaulay wrote many chapters three times over.

Carlyle's hours of composition were generally three to four—from 10 or 11 A. M. to 2 P. M.—unless he were specially engaged or hurried, when he added an hour or two to the ordinary number. He wrote unevenly, at times slowly, then rapidly, but always with care, never allowing his manuscript to go from him until it suited him exactly. He frequently destroyed whole pages upon which he had labored hard and long, being extremely fastidious as to punctuation as well as to words and arrangement. But the writing of his books was much less than his preparation for writing, which was most thorough and conscientious. No man had a keener appetite for work, and yet he worked far faster than most authors. His reading was stupendous, and he did it with surprising quickness, dispatching a volume of ordinary size while many persons would be occupied with a few chapters. For forty to fifty years of his life he read on an average from six to eight hours a day, sitting up for that purpose generally until one or two o'clock in the morning.

Dr. Elisha Mulford's "The Republic of God" is stated by the "Literary World" to have been rewritten nine times, and parts of it fifteen times, before being put into type.

Charles Sumner said: "All through my college life I labored eighteen hours a day. I never labored less in any one day."

Charles Dickens never failed to be at his desk at ten o'clock in the morning, and to work steadily, whatever his mood, until one in the afternoon. He never neglected, for any distinction, his labors as editor of "All the Year Round." He kept his business matters in a condition of complete regularity. It was found after his death that he had bestowed the minutest care upon the settlement of his worldly affairs. Nothing had been left undone or forgotten.

Caleb Cushing, one of the greatest lawyers of this country, used to read sixteen hours a day for months. When he was appointed justice of the supreme bench of Massachusetts, he read sixty volumes on different laws in nineteen days. He often worked at his desk till four o'clock in the morning, continuously for twenty-three hours, and lived to a good age. He was a poor boy, and worked his way to fame.

AGASSIZ'S HAPPIEST DAY.

THE great naturalist received his early education from his mother, a woman of unusual intelligence. When a mere child he began to collect insects and to study plants. The following story shows how he won his father's approval:

Monsieur Agassiz destined him for a commercial life, and was impatient at his devotion to frogs, snakes, and fishes. The last, especially, were objects of the boy's attention. His vacations he spent in making journeys on foot through Europe, examining the different species of fresh-water fishes. He came to London with letters of introduction to Sir Roderick Murchison.

"You have been studying nature," said the great man, bluntly. "What have you learned?"

The lad was timid—not sure at that moment that he had learned any thing.

"I think," he said, at last, "I know a little about fishes."

"Very well. There will be a meeting of the Royal Society to-night; I will take you with me there."

All of the great scientific men of England belong to this society. That evening, toward it close, Sir Roderick rose and said:

"I have a young friend here from Switzerland, who thinks he knows something about fishes; how much, I have a fancy to try. There is under this cloth a perfect skeleton of a fish which existed long before man."

He then gave the precise locality in which it had been found, with one or two other facts concerning it. The species to which the specimen belonged was, of course, extinct.

"Can you sketch for me on the blackboard your idea of this fish?" said Sir Roderick.

Agassiz took up the chalk, hesitated a moment, and then sketched rapidly a skeleton fish. Sir Roderic held up the specimen; the portrait was correct in every bone and line. The grave old doctors burst into loud applause.

"Sir," Agassiz said, on telling the story, "that was the proudest moment of my life, and the happiest; for I knew, now, my father would consent that I should give my life to science."

CYCLONE AND TORNADO.

FROM the great and untrammeled North-west, where blizzards are born, and the cyclone and tornado attain full perfection, comes an accurate statement of the difference between the two latter varieties of weather. The "Minneapolis Journal" says:

A son of Erin was imparting wisdom to a group of idlers this morning as they watched the storm in the sky, and took occasion to silence one of his audience, who called it a cyclone, thus:

"Gowan now! It's no cyclone, but a bit of a tornady. Whisht, now, an' I'll give ye the difference betune the two o' thim, so's ye kin always discrimynate. It's loike what a man sed was the difference betune rumatiz and newralogy. Put yer finger in a vice an' screw it up till ye can't shtand the pain any more an' that's rumatiz; then give it three turns more an' that's newralogy. The tornady is rumatiz, me bye, and the cyclone is the newralogy. See?"

FRANKLIN ON OFFICE-SEEKING.

AMONG the recently published letters of Benjamin Franklin is the following, which is heartily recommended to the thoughtful attention of those who seek employment at the hands of the government:

LONDON, Nov. 3, 1772.

DEAR SIR: I received yours of Aug. 24, by Capt. Vanderhorst, to whom I should willingly have shown any civilities in my power, but I, being gouty of late, seldom go into the city, and he has not called on me since he delivered your letter. I am sorry you talk of leaving off your business with a view of getting some post. It is so difficult a matter to obtain any thing of the kind that I think to leave a good trade in hopes of an office is quitting a certainty for an uncertainty, and losing substance for shadow. I have known so many here dangling and soliciting years for places, till they were reduced to the lowest poverty and distress, that I cannot but pity a man who begins to turn his thoughts that way. The proverb says, *He who has a trade has an office of profit and honor;* because he does not hold it during any other man's pleasure, and it affords him honest subsistence with independence. I hope, therefore, you will alter your mind and go on with your business. I assure you it is not in my power to procure you that post you mention or any other, whatever my wishes may be for your prosperity. I am now thought here too much an American to have any interest of the kind.

NOT APPRECIATED.

MAJOR BEN. PERLEY POORE tells a story in the "Boston Budget," which points to a notable characteristic of human nature. We like to have other people mind their own business without interfering with ours:

Tom Corwin asserted one day in his committee room that it was never safe to interfere between husband and wife, and in support of his declaration narrated an instance which occurred when he was animated by the ardor and chivalry of youth. Traveling in a little frequented rural district he came upon a cabin from behind which he heard the angry voice of a man mingled with the screams of a woman, and at regular intervals a hickory singing through the air as if well laid on. He rode round to get sight of the cause of all this clamor, when he saw a burly-looking fellow thrashing his wife like fury with a stick too formidable to be within the meaning of the statute. On seeing our friend the belligerent suspended, the "shower of timber" ceased to fall, and there was a great calm of a few moments' duration. The young man, whose wrath had suddenly waxed hot against the cruel husband, cried out:

"You brute! you rascal! Throw down that whip, and don't touch that woman again, or I'll wear it out over your own ugly back! You savage, you!"

Who should respond to this valiant defiance but the injured lady herself. Turning her blowzed hair out of her face, and giving her fist a portentous shake, she squalled out:

"He's as good as you are; you gawky, good-for-nothing creeter, you!"

Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS.

JOHN H. VINCENT, EDITOR.

Price, $1 25 a year for single subscription. Special rates to clubs of ten or more.

[*Entered at the New York Post-office for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.*]

MONTGOMERY was, on the whole, a frank fellow. He "owned up" when he had done wrong. He promised amendment. He tried to reform. He was popular with his friends. A cheerful face, a genial manner, a hearty laugh, a gift at story-telling, combined to make Montgomery a welcome guest in every circle. Men on the street were glad to meet him. Young fellows of his class hailed him familiarly and with a tone of approval and praise in their salutations. He went out in society a great deal, dressed well, carried himself well, and was deservedly popular.

IN this fine alabaster-box of ointment there stuck a "fly" of folly. With all his open, clear, and gentlemanly qualities he had a fault; and it was a most singular fault—one which many of our readers cannot possibly understand. It was the flaw in the crystal. It was the chief lack of a promising life. It was the dead-weight that gave significance to the depreciatory "but" which society used when it canvassed Montgomery's character. People said, "Montgomery is a nice fellow, but—" "He is a charming chap to meet in the parlor, a glorious companion for an excursion, a whole-souled friend when one is in trouble or has the blues, but—."

WHAT an uncomfortable close to a commendatory testimony is that obtrusive little word—"but!" It unsays so much! It is an extinguisher dropped over a wax candle-light. It is a hard kick following a hearty caress. "An honest fellow, but—." That is, he would be an honest fellow if he were not something other and worse. Many a good quality is put out of sight by some weakness or folly. Why can we not learn to aim at completeness? Why do we allow weeds to grow in gardens where there are so many flowers and useful vegetables? Why mar beauty and usefulness by neglect? These are old questions which men have long asked concerning each other and themselves. It does seem as if absolute perfection were impossible. There is always some drawback, some "but," interposing in the lives of students, mechanics, farmers, statesmen, teachers, and saints. One man's lack is in his head, another in his manner, another in his theory of life, another in his spirit. Every-where, always, with every body, there is a "but" to mar a good record or reputation.

BUT what is the "but" that blights the fame of the boy Montgomery? It is a fault financial. He is a spendthrift. His pocket is a sieve—or rather a bucket without a bottom. He loves to let his money go. It is a passion with him. If by some means he gets a dime, a quarter, or a dollar, he looks about for a plan and place to spend it. He does not seem to care much for the thing he buys, but the pleasure he finds in the buying is something passing sweet. Soda-water for himself and soda-water for a friend; now caramels, then ice-cream; to-day a new cravat that he doesn't need, to-morrow a cane; this week a Russian leather collar-box, next week a pair of sleeve-buttons. His money seems to be carried on a plate held at an angle of forty-five degrees. It wont stay. He handles it as if it were red-hot and dangerous to hold. This fault of his began in his boyhood. "It is an inheritance," his mother says. And she did not begin early in his career to correct it. She gave him money to spend and he spent it. He was never taught to save, to count the cost, to keep an account, to make a report of his expenditures. Folly allowed at five years grows to be a greater folly at ten, and more than doubles at twenty.

MONTGOMERY'S fault does not end with folly, for folly in such cases easily becomes crime. If money must be had and cannot be gotten by fair means it will be secured by foul means. A spendthrift who must gratify his morbid passion for expenditure will borrow money or run into debt, or play games of chance, or rob somebody. Money he must have. He *will* have it. The squanderer by his habit of waste blunts his moral sense and weakens his will. This makes crime not only possible but easy and almost necessary. The profusion of his outlay, the demands of his creditors, the fear of exposure, bring upon him an irresistible pressure; and as conscience speaks faintly and resolution is prostrated, temptation becomes overwhelming. The billiard-room, the card-table, and other devices for gambling give him brilliant promises, and he runs dreadful risks, growing more and more infatuated, borrowing, employing false pretenses, and finally stealing the money he *must* have. Poor Montgomery! The other day he lost his place through this foolish propensity to spend money, which has grown upon him until it seemed absolutely irresistible. We were with his stricken father when the news of his son's disgrace reached him. The poor man wept bitter tears and wrung his hands in agony. His eyes were filled with a strange light, his voice trembled, and his frame shook as he exclaimed, "O my poor boy, what can I do for him more than I have done? Why will he do this? What will the end be?" We suffered for the sorrowing man. We wondered at the folly of his son.

MONTGOMERY is not a vile or bad fellow. He is going slowly toward a bad life. He is in danger of being ruined. But he is all that we have described as a gentle, affectionate, amiable, popular, agreeable fellow. But he needed a firm hand when he was young. And he is not too old now to be helped by the right kind of treatment. He needs a thorough handling in a rough way. He needs to be waked up and shaken up and started off anew. His hope is not in others, nor in circumstances. He will not be helped by being put into more responsible positions, nor by being watched. He must be seized by the grip of a wise and firm friend and brought to see his own folly, and then thrown on his own manhood with that faith in God without which man at his best can do nothing. Montgomery must be re-educated. He must be taken apart under his own eye, and by his own consent put together again with the will in the right place, and assuming its rightful authority over all the other powers of his nature. He must learn to say, "This fault of mine is to be by myself corrected. I must correct it by practice. I must practice resistance. I must put one

dollar in change in my pocket and then face temptation, and must come back with that dollar in my pocket." He must learn to say "I will!" He must say again "*I will!*" He must continue to say "I WILL!" and in that way he will acquire self-mastery, and, with toning up of his will, must follow increased self-respect and moral force. We shall have something more to say concerning Montgomery.

OUR BEREAN HOMILY.

LESSON for August 1, 1886. JESUS HONORED.—John 12. 1-16.
GOLDEN TEXT.—John 12. 13.

PREFATORY. We are approaching the end of the Messiah's earthly career. The conqueror of death is himself soon to encounter death, this time under circumstances the most appalling. And the victory which he is to win is a victory of which the resurrection of Lazarus was but the faintest shadow. Again he is in the house of the beloved in Bethany. From Bethany he moves to Jerusalem, and on a great feast day enters the city amidst the hosannas of the multitude. Here we see the man and the Messiah, the man in the sanctity and charm of a humble home; the Messiah in a triumphal entry into his own temple.

INTERROGATORY. What was the passover? What time of the year was it observed? What facts did it commemorate? What remarkable guests at the supper? What did Martha do? And Mary? What was "spikenard?" What caviler was present? What question did he ask? What motive did he have? Quote Jesus's answer. What other classes of people are described in verses 9-11? Describe the scene of verses 12 and 13. Repeat the song of verse 13. What prophecy was fulfilled? What lessons do you gather?

HOMILY. In this little household there was once a deep sorrow. On the present occasion there must have been great joy as there certainly was deep gratitude. Lazarus, an object of wonder to many, must have been filled with unutterable peace and love as he sat in the presence of his great Life-bringer and Deliverer. Nothing is said in the New Testament as to the experiences of Lazarus. We have often wondered what he might have told and what unexpressed rapture filled his heart. Had he during the week of his sleep in death caught glimpses of the life eternal? Had he seen the Father's face beyond the veil? Had secrecy been enjoined? If the fundamental principles of modern spiritualism concerning the invisible state are true, one would expect that great use would have been made of the return of Lazarus. But the characteristic silence of Scripture concerning the invisible state is maintained in his case.

Martha served. She kept the house, and cleaned it. She cooked the food, and ministered to her Master. If careful and troubled about many things, she brought good results from her care and anxiety; nor was she unmindful of the precious truths of the word, for it was the Martha who served who had said to her Lord concerning Lazarus, "I know that he shall rise in the resurrection at the last day." We have a warm side toward Martha. She was in her sphere true and faithful, and she delighted in serving Jesus in her way quite as much as did Mary who anointed the feet of Jesus with costly ointment.

Mary, full of sentiment and sweetness and sacrifice, had a sense of the glory and mission of her Lord. Perhaps less practical than Martha, she had loftier ideals of the divinity and grace of him she loved. The odor of the ointment with which she anointed the feet of Jesus has filled the earth, and every-where the sense of beauty is awakened by the reading of this simple narrative. There was a deep significance in her service. She paid tribute to the divine Christ who was to die and be buried, and, rising again like her own brother Lazarus, was to receive the homage of the saints and angels in the eternal heavens. Mary's ministry was a broader, larger, more far-reaching ministry than that of Martha.

In sharp contrast with this beauty is the dark shadow cast by the carnal, covetous, and carping Judas Iscariot. Avaricious, thievish, hypocritical, and base, he was the exact opposite of Mary. Thus does the word of God faithfully reflect the best and the basest things in human nature. It is a true picture of real life. It faithfully represents the lights and shadows of human character and experience. Here, too, we see the weak side of human nature in the morbid curiosity of the Jews who came to the feast that they might see Lazarus. See also the baseness of the chief priests, who, in spite of the miracle, would defeat its moral influence by putting Lazarus to death. They were angry at Lazarus because his resurrection gave testimony to the divinity of Christ, and caused many of the Jews to believe on Jesus.

Above this wonderful picture of domestic serenity and service, loving gratitude and self-sacrifice, human avarice, curiosity, and murderous desire, there flashes out from the canvas a picture of golden light, representing the triumphal entrance of Jesus into Jerusalem. Here are pæans of victory, shouts of hosanna, fulfillment of prophecy, and the antetype of the final glory which shall crown the Christ—the Christ, great in his human tenderness, great in his appreciation of human fidelity, great in his ministry as a discerner of hearts, and mighty to save even from the power of death.

PRAYER. O Thou Giver of life, give life to us that we may never die. O Thou who dost accept lowly service from Martha's hands, the graceful and grateful tribute of Mary's tears and costly spikenard, the waving palm-branches, the jubilant hosannas of the people, accept, we beseech Thee, our service, our tears, our tributes, and our praises, and hear our cry, "Hosanna: Blessed is the King of Israel that cometh in the name of the Lord." Amen.

"DON'T STEP THERE."

THE services which John B. Gough did for the temperance cause were the reproduction on a large scale of the warning of the little boy in the following anecdote from the "Episcopal Recorder:"

A man started out for church one icy Sunday morning, and presently came to a place where a little boy was standing, who, with choking voice, said,

"Please don't step there."

"Why not."

"Because I stepped there and fell down," sobbed the little fellow, who had thus taken upon himself to warn the unwary passer-by of the danger into which he had fallen.

There are many men in the world who have good reasons for giving such a warning as this. The man who has trod the dark and slippery paths of intemperance, and sees the young learning to take the first glass of spirits or wine or beer, has good reasons to say to them,

"Don't step there, for I stepped there and fell down."

The man who has indulged in gambling till he is despised by others and abhorred by himself has good reason to say to the young when they are entering on the same course,

"Don't step there, for I stepped there and fell down."

OUR NOTE-BOOK.

THE morning mail brings us two chips of oak with an interesting story. They are from an admirer of OUR YOUTH in Provincetown, Mass., that quaint old fishing town which the outstretched hand of Cape Cod treasures in its palm. The chips are fragments of a vessel which went ashore on these sands in 1778.

WRECKS are no rarity on the Cape. But this was no common merchantman or fishing-smack. Sixty-four cannon growled at her ports, and the broad red banner of St. George floated over her when she struck her proud fore-foot on this rebel coast. Longfellow wrote of her:

> "The *Somerset*, British man-o'-war,
> A phantom ship with each mast and spar
> Across the moon like a prison bar,
> And a huge black hulk that was magnified
> By its own reflection in the tide."

THE *Somerset* was launched at Chatham, England, in 1748, and came to America to help subdue the rebels in 1774. Her guns spoke at Bunker Hill, but her subsequent career was brief. In November, 1778, the good people of Provincetown climbed High Pole Hill to watch the *Somerset* in action with the French fleet. They saw her struggling with a more terrible force—a north-east gale. She struck on the outer bar, and two-score men dropped from her sides to certain death.

Years passed and the unquiet sands shrouded the stranded skeleton of the proud *Somerset*. The very spot was forgotten till the winter storms of last January tore off the coverings. Her timbers, if we may judge from the fragments before us, are as sound as on the day when her keel was laid in Chatham dock-yard one hundred and forty years ago.

BUT old ocean has not done with the *Somerset*. The sands are gathering about her, and she will soon be lost from view, perhaps for another century.

THE venerable and beloved Emperor William of Germany was visited the other day by the students and teachers of a Protestant seminary, to whom he said: "Religion is the basis of all human order, and I rejoice that it is growing firmer among us. Revolutionists, however, who cherish confused notions of right and wrong, are still busy all over Europe. If they should undermine faith and morality, a general upheaval of right and justice would follow. Your task is to guard this basis and remain strong in the right."

THE English Liberals marched to defeat in the late elections singing songs of which this is a specimen stanza:

> "John and Paddy will march along,
> That's all, that's all,
> With Sandy and Sawney millions strong,
> That's all true."

PROPERLY there is no knowledge but that which is got by working.—*Carlyle.* The fact is, nothing comes; at least, nothing good. All has to be fetched.—*Charles Buxton.* Young gentlemen, remember that nothing can stand before days' works.—*Francis Wayland.*

HE that is afraid of solemn things has probably solemn reason to be afraid of them.—*Spurgeon.*

THE OXFORD LEAGUE.

CHARLES WESLEY, the poet of Methodism, was born at Epworth on the 18th of December, 1708. He was the eighteenth child born into that wonderful family. At the age of eight he was sent to Westminster School, where his brother Samuel was an usher. There he was a great favorite, and in time came to be captain of the school. Mr. Garrett Wesley. a large Irish landed proprietor, was very desirous of adopting him and taking him over to Ireland. This, however, the boy declined; and in his place a relative of the name of Colly was adopted on his changing his name to Wesley; this he did, and was the grandsire of the illustrious Duke of Wellington. In five years Charles Wesley gained a king's scholarship; and at the age of eighteen he entered Christ Church, Oxford, taking his B.A. at twenty-one. Leaving Oxford, he went with his brother John to Georgia. The experience of the two brothers was wonderfully one. They were both, in the strictest sense, legalists. In 1738, while groaning for conscious acceptance, having learned the way of God more perfectly from the Moravians, a poor woman, feeling for him in his spiritual distress, put her head round the door of his room and said, "In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, arise and believe, and thou shalt be healed of all thy infirmities." It came like a message from heaven. He believed with his heart unto righteousness. Twelve months after he wrote:

"Then with my heart I first believed,
Believed with faith divine,
Power with the Holy Ghost received,
To call the Saviour mine."

This was on the 21st of May. A brief sojourn in London, following the example first of all of Whitefield and then of his brother, he took to the open air, and under God's own heavens, with burning words, he proclaimed the great salvation. In 1749 he married and settled down at Bristol, where he devoted himself to his great work, occasionally, however, going on long journeys throughout the land as "an itinerant." He died in 1788, at the age of seventy-nine.

THE Oxford League at Hornellsville, N. Y., under the direction of the Rev. J. E. Williams, gave the editor of OUR YOUTH a royal reception a few weeks ago. On the occasion of a visit to the Canisteo Academy commencement, the Chautauqua Circle and the Oxford League united in a public meeting at 4 P. M., Monday, June —, in the Methodist Episcopal church. Each organization presented a beautiful album to the editor. There were some fine organ music, some good singing, an address of welcome by Mr. Williams, a long response by the editor, and some hearty hand-shaking to follow. The occasion was very delightful, and our thanks are due to the Hornellsville League and Circle.

THE young people of Berry Street Church, Fort Wayne, Ind., have formed themselves into an organization to be known as the "Epworth League," a modified form of the "Oxford." The object, as defined by the constitution, is for "the mental, moral, and spiritual improvement of its members." The Sunday-school is increasing in interest, numbers, and power for good. Professor S. R. Smith, the superintendent, is a live worker, just the right man where he ought to be.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

AN impressive ante-communion service was held by the Central Methodist Episcopal Church Oxford League, Cleveland, Ohio, Rev. Dr. D. H. Muller, pastor, on Friday evening preceding the communion Sabbath. After the responsive service provided in OUR YOUTH (eighty copies of which are taken by the Central Church), the meeting was opened for remarks and prayer. Dr. Muller informs us that the meeting told marvelously upon the communion service the following Sabbath. They had an unparalleled attendance, two hundred and twenty out of two hundred and fifty members of the church communing. We earnestly urge upon all pastors the importance of the ante-communion service.

THE SCHOOL AT HOME.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Industrial Copartnership.—Last week we described the way in which Mr. Benly settled up his affairs at the close of the year, and learned just how he stood financially. At that point the wealth which had been produced that year had been distributed, and the industrial process, as far as that year was concerned, was complete. From the foregoing chapters of Mr. Benly's history we have learned in a simple way two steps: *production* and *distribution* of wealth. Before taking up the third division, *exchange*, we propose to consider some means which have been adopted to make the relations of employer and employed more pleasant, and if possible more just. There are two persons "antagonized," as certain working-men put it—the capitalist, the man who pays wages, and the laborer, or the man who receives wages. Now, any plan for adjusting difficulties between capital and labor must come from one of two sources, either from the employer or from the employed. When the proposition comes from the employer, the arrangement which results is usually called *industrial copartnership*. On the other hand, when the laborers take the matter into their own hands, and resolve to produce wealth independent of any individual capitalist, the organization which they effect is called a *co-operative industry*. Observe the distinction carefully between these two.

AN INDUSTRIAL COPARTNERSHIP *implies an employer who is a capitalist, and who gives his working-men a certain interest in his business, and allows them a ceriain profit over and above their regular wages.*

A CO-OPERATIVE INDUSTRY *is one in which the working-men themselves supply their own capital, and are both capitalists and laborers.* They of course must employ some one to manage the business, but he is in no sense an employer or capitalist. He is a laborer himself.

We will this week discuss the subject of *Industrial Copartnership*, and next week take up the other form—*Co-operation.*

Heretofore the sons of Mr. Benly had been dependent upon their father for food, clothing, and spending money. But when the youngest had reached his twenty-first year, Mr. Benly told the boys that from that time he expected to treat them in their farm-work and in their work in the broom factory in a purely business way. He would pay them certain wages, just as though they were not members of his family, and they would in return be expected to pay their board, and in reality to support themselves. Mr. Benly was a firm believer in a practical business education for his boys, and he thought that this experience would be better than any theoretical knowledge which they might acquire at a business college. We will not follow all their relations to the farm-work, but will simply take into consideration their connection with the broom factory as a separate industry. Mr. Benly told them that he expected to run the broom factory on the following plan: He would pay the boys for work in the factory at the rate of $1 50 a day each. The hired man, Joe, would be paid at the same rate for his work in the factory. From the whole sum of money which was realized from the sale of brooms for the year Mr. Benly said he would set aside certain sums:

1. Seven per cent. interest on the capital which he had invested in wages, in the broom-corn, the machinery, the fuel for the engine, etc. This would be his return for the money he had invested in the business enterprise. Most men, he said, would think ten per cent. a very small amount on an investment, but he was willing to make it seven per cent. under the circumstances.

2. He would set apart ten per cent. of the gross amount for a fund from which to purchase new machinery, to make repairs, etc. He would pay himself a salary of $300 as his own remuneration for overseeing the factory.

The sum remaining after these deductions were made would be divided among the boys, and their sister, and Joe, in proportion to the wages which each had received. That is, supposing the sum which remained after all these charges had been taken out was $60; supposing that the amount of wages which had been paid during the year was $1,200; he would pay in that case for each dollar of wages an additional five cents, so that if Joe had earned $500 dollars in the factory, he would get $25 extra. If Cora had earned only $200 at factory work, she would get $10 extra. This arrangement would prevent one of the boys who had not worked very diligently in the shop from getting a share of the profits equal to the others when the division was made. By this plan Mr. Benly thought he could train his boys to do more careful work, since they were directly interested in the success of the enterprise. He thought that the application of the principle in this tangible form would be of help to his boys, and he resolved to try the plan. It proved a successful one, and he was eventually very glad that he had undertaken to teach his sons in this practical way.

COPARTNERSHIP.

THIS plan of copartnership was first successfully tried by a French house-painter. He found that his men were doing careless work when they were sent out to houses in the city, and that he was really losing money every day through their carelessness and idleness. So he resolved to try some plan by which they might be interested in his business, and might be made anxious to do their work well for their own sake. He employed a large number of workmen, many of whom were old hands. He selected a certain number of these older men and made a proposition, as follows: He would pay them the regular wages which were demanded at that time by house-painters, and at the end of the year, to all his old hands he would give a certain extra sum in proportion to the amount of work each had done, in case his income was increased by their increased care and diligence. The first year was a brilliant success. The men did better work, and the house-painter found himself able to pay them a small sum each. This offer later on was extended to all his men; the plan spread throughout the city; and to-day the arrangement still works successfully there, as in many other places.

The great objection to the plan, however, is that working-men seldom have confidence in their employers. If they get a little extra, it seems to them a very small amount compared with the large amount that the capitalist has as the reward of his industry, economy, and prudence. They often become discontented, and in one notable case in England the firm which tried hardest to help its men was the one always in trouble on account of strikes and other labor difficulties. The plan, however, has its good points, and if the laborer has proper confidence in the honesty of his employer the industrial copartnership is often a valuable and successful arrangement.

RECREATION.

[*In this department we shall describe games old and new, for in-doors and out. Suggestions and comments from our subscribers will be welcome.*]

Canoeing.

Two means of locomotion have become very popular in the United States during the last few years; the bicycle and the canoe. For obvious reasons the bicycle has far outstripped its aquatic rival, but in real enthusiasm the canoeist is perhaps in advance of the bicycler. The styles of canoes are as varied as those of bicycles, and their owners wax just as warm in discussing the good points of their *Rob Roys*, *Racines*, etc., as their land-going brethren in sounding the praises of *Experts*, *Rudges*, and *Humbers*.

There are numerous canoe clubs all over the country, and a national association has been formed, in the interest of which a neat little paper is published. Once a year all the members who find it possible to get away, attend the meet of the American canoeists, and camp for several days on the shores of some inland lake, or paddle down some river on a tour of unsurprising exploration and mild adventure. Some of the canoes now in use are beautiful little craft. The ordinary type of a sailing and paddling canoe is somewhat as follows: Length about 12 feet, width about 3 feet, depth 18 inches. The canoe is sharp at bow and stern, and is usually made of cedar. It is completely decked over save for a small cock-pit amidships where the captain, crew, cook, and passengers sit in the person of one individual. There is usually a small center-board box in the middle of the cock-pit at the forward end, but the numerous person mentioned above finds it no inconvenience since he puts a leg on each side of it. A small cushion on the floor of the cock-pit and another at the back make the canoeist decidedly comfortable.

The steering gear is ingenious. As the canoeist cannot very well use his hands to manage tiller ropes, sheets, and halyards at the same time, this simple device has been hit upon. Below the deck forward a wooden cross-piece is fastened to an upright stanchion in such a way that it will move easily back and forth. This cross-piece is connected with the tiller by means of wires, and the pressure of the feet against this inside tiller head will guide the canoe perfectly, leaving the hands free to hoist, reef, and take in the canvas, and manage the sheets when under sail.

There is room fore and aft to stow away spare canvas, light blankets, provisions, etc. The masts are jointed like a fish-pole and may be taken apart and stowed below, the canoe thus becoming a paddling canoe. The paddle is double bladed, jointed in the middle. Putting this paddle together, the paddler, holding the paddle across the canoe, dips first one blade, then the other, on their respective sides. Small rubber cups just below each blade prevent the water from dripping down into the canoe and upon the paddler.

Canoes such as we have described are usually fitted out with silk flags and pennants, which add to the beauty of the small craft when under a heavy spead of canvas.

It is surprising to see how much sail a comparatively small canoe is capable of carrying. The regattas which are a frequent feature of canoe meets are skilfully and fearlessly contested, and often a canoe capsizes when an unexpected gust destroys the close calculations of a canoeist who, leaning far out to windward, sets every stitch of his delicate and snowy canvas.

Some canoes are so roomy below decks that their owners sleep in them when off on a camping trip. It is sometimes very grateful to find a stronghold safe from gnats and mosquitos in a comfortable canoe whose cock-pit is protected by gauze.

The canoe we have described is a complete little vessel, and is likely to cost its owner several hundred dollars. Before long we shall describe a simple canvas canoe which almost any of our readers can build at a slight expense.

Base-Ball.

The series of games for the base-ball championship of the eastern colleges resulted in a tie between Harvard and Yale. The deciding game was played at Hartford, Conn., July 3, Yale winning the pennant by a score of 7 to 1. The order of the clubs at the close of the season was Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Williams, Brown, Amherst.

Camping Out.

Editor of Our Youth:

There are four of us fellows here camping out. We've got a good camp on the bank of the Alleghany River where a little creek comes in. The tent only holds our heads and bodies, and our feet are living a very fast life—staying out all night.

We have had a great time cooking. The first night we thought we'd have mush. Well, we built a big fire and hung the kettle full of water over the middle of it. The water boiled splendidly, but we couldn't get near enough to put in the cornmeal. We finally got an idea. We tied up the meal in a piece of paper and threw the wad into the kettle. We broke open the package and stirred the mush with a long pole. The mush was kind of lumpy, and too literary to suit us.

Bob likes Saratoga fried potatoes, and so we tried some. We put on the kettle and melted some pork fat, and put in the sliced potatoes, but the fire was too high and the fat caught fire and we had to put the whole thing in the river to calm it. We are having a big time. We advise all the readers of Our Youth to join the campers.

Yours truly,

Camp "Starved Out," N. Y. The Alleghany Four.

OUR GIRLS.

[*Contributions appropriate for this department, descriptions of fancy work, candy making, games, etc., are solicited from our readers.*]

The Alaska belles have curious ways of adorning themselves. Instead of carrying parasols and wearing veils to protect their copper-colored complexions, they paint their faces with a black preparation which may be easily removed after a day's fishing, and leaves the complexion unimpaired.

Instead of piercing their ears for rings they puncture the lower lip and insert a T-shaped piece of silver. The long arm protrudes over the chin, while the cross-piece holds the ornament in place.

As they advance in life, the women exchange this silver pin for an ornament bone, which looks like a stray tooth.

Bracelets made of beaten silver, and fantastically carved, are popular with the dusky maidens of the Sitka region, while blankets thickly covered with small pearl buttons form the important feature of their wardrobes.

Crocheting.

I shall now give an easy pattern of lace, with a shell heading, which, if knit in coarse cotton thread, will be about an inch and a half wide. In linen about two inches deep, in wool varying from two and a half to three and a half, according to the size of the yarn used.

First row. Make a chain of about nine stitches, knit a shell into the sixth stitch of chain, two ch. st., three d. c. into third st. of chain, two ch. st., one d. c. into first stitch of chain.

Second row. Crochet two ch. st., three d. c. into two ch. st. of last row, two ch. st., three d. c. into second ch. of two in last row, ch. of two, and a shell in top of last shell.

Third row. Ch. of two and a shell in top of last shell; two ch. st., three d. c. in ch. of two below; ch. of two, three d. c. in chain of two below; two ch. st., and one d. c. fastened into top of d. c. below.

Fourth row is the same as the second, though longer.

Fifth row. The same as third row, though longer.

Sixth row. Make one s. c. and three d. c. into chain in top of last row; one s. c. in top of second d. c. of group below, three d. c. into ch. of two below; one s. c. in second d. c. of group below. The same in next two chains forming tiny scallops down the side of the scallop; a shell in top of last shell. This forms a bias-looking scallop, but when repeated a couple of times the bias look will no longer be noticed. This is a very simple pattern.

Grace M. Taylor.

Diamond-cutting is a work which requires great skill and indomitable patience on the part of the workman, and his training is long and severe, for, despite the machinery which is used, much depends upon the deftness of the workman, who is handsomely remunerated for his trouble. He must be able to tell from an examination of the rough stone what is the proper treatment—that is, its shape and the number of its facets. An inferior workman can spoil £20 or £30 worth of property in as many seconds. But the difficulty may the more easily be imagined when we say (on Mr. Streeter's authority) that even the Kohinoor has faults from the connoisseur's point of view. This famous jewel was so clumsily cut by a Venetian named Hortensio Borgio that it was reduced from 793 carats to 186, and rendered as dull as a piece of rock crystal. It was afterward reduced to about 106 carats, and even now still retains a vitreous luster. As a rule, a rough diamond loses 75 per cent. of its weight in cutting and polishing if it is to be turned out in the most effective manner. It would be difficult to describe with any minuteness the technicalities of a diamond factory. Sufficient it is to say that the operations, though limited in scope, are of the most delicate nature.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

We meet and part—the world is wide;
We journey onward side by side
A little while, and then again
Our paths diverge. A little pain—
A silent yearning of the heart
For what has grown of life a part;
A shadow passing o'er the sun,
Then gone, and life again has come.
We meet and part, and then forget;
And life holds blessings for us yet.

—*Hester Freeman.*

Books should to one of these four conduce,
For wisdom, piety, delight, or use.—*Denham.*

Next to acquiring good friends, the best acquisition is that of good books.—*C. C. Colton.*

No man is fit for God's service who is not willing to do little things. The people who are always waiting for an opportunity to do some great thing never accomplish any thing.—*Moody.*

If we practice goodness, not for the sake of its own intrinsic excellence, but for the sake of gaining some advantage by it, we may be cunning, but we are not good.—*Cicero.*

THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

French Indo-China.

(Area, 250,000 sq. miles; population, 17,000,000; ruler, King of Annam, Channong.)

Of the three Indo-Chinese kingdoms—Annam, Siam, and Burmah—the second alone retains its independence, Burmah being the latest addition to the British Empire and Annam being under the protection of France. The other French possessions in Indo-China are Cambodia, Lower Cochin China, and Tonquin. Cambodia and Cochin China are traversed by the Mekong River, which renders them wonderfully fertile, but the hot climate and low-lying soil combine to make them unhealthy for Europeans. Rice, sugar, and indigo are the principal productions of these countries. Annam is a long and narrow strip of territory lying between the highlands of the Siamese border and the shore of the China Sea. It is generally mountainous, and its streams are short and rapid. Rice is the principal production. Hué is the chief city and the residence of the French minister. Of the interior little is known. The fertility of Lower Cochin China is eclipsed by the productiveness of the province of Tonquin, which occupies the valley of the Red River and reaches to the southern boundaries of the Chinese Empire. Its importance consists not only in its intrinsic agricultural and mineral wealth, but in its situation at the gateway of the rich commerce of China. The Red River is navigable for several hundred miles, and the country is well adapted to the easy construction of railroads. Burmah, through which England aims to reach China, is a rough and difficult region in comparison with Tonquin.

An article in the "Century" magazine for July, 1886, briefly outlines the relations of these countries with France. The Jesuit missionaries prepared the way for political interference. They made many converts early in the last century, and in 1774 a native claimant to the throne of Annam sought refuge with the French bishop, who effected a treaty by which France was to aid the prince in return for protection for the Christian faith. After his death the Christians were again persecuted until 1857. France found it necessary to send out an expedition to chastise the Annamese. This resulted in the French conquest of a part of Lower Cochin China and the opening of several ports to French commerce (1862). In 1872 the expedition was repeated for similar reasons, and all Lower Cochin China became French. In 1873 the King of Annam established a French protectorate over his country, but ten years later his subjects rose against the arrangement and gained the alliance of China. The war, which was chiefly between the French and Chinese, lasted till 1885. The French suffered several bloody defeats before the treaty was signed in which China granted freedom to French commerce along the Tonquinese border. The French have been hampered in their occupation of the country by the pirates who have long infested the Red River delta and preyed upon trading vessels, and progress toward the pacification and improvement of the newly acquired territory has been very slow.

The Orangemen.

The twelfth of July is always the signal for an outbreak of bitter feeling, if not of actual violence, wherever Irishmen are found. The day commemorates a battle which was fought on the banks of the River Boyne in Ireland, in July, 1690. King James II. of England had succeeded his father in 1685. But three years had convinced the English people of his worthlessness, and in 1688 he was expelled, and William, Prince of Orange, the Protestant husband of James's daughter Mary, accepted the British crown. James the Catholic sought aid and comfort in Catholic France, and in July, 1690, in Catholic Ireland he met the troops of the Protestant William. It is his defeat that has made the twelfth of July famous. It was essentially the triumph of Protestants over Catholics.

The ascendency of the Protestants was marked by harsh treatment of the opposite sect. The Catholics were denied the commonest civil rights under the so-called penal laws which existed till the close of the last century. When a more enlightened feeling among British statesmen gradually relaxed these anti-Catholic measures, a party grew up among Protestants of Ireland, whose aim was to protect the Irish Protestants from the growing power of the Catholics. This party took the name of Orangemen, from the title of the victor of the Boyne, and, as a secret society, extended its organization through all classes of Protestants throughout the empire. Princes of the royal house of England became officers in the Orange lodges, and fifty years ago there were rumors of a conspiracy to alter the succession to the crown in favor of the Orange Duke of Cumberland. The meetings of the order were held in May and on Nov. 5, the latter date being Guy Fawkes's Day—the anniversary of the discovery of the Catholic "Gunpowder Plot" to blow up the Houses of Parliament in 1605.

The organization is perhaps less powerful now than it was in 1835, but its members still celebrate the day of the Boyne; their frequent collisions with the Catholic "wearers of the green" making July 12 famous as a day of riots.

This year Belfast, the metropolis of Ulster, has been the sufferer from the hatred which this anniversary invariably rekindles. The feeling this year was intensified by the result of the Parliamentary elections. The Orangemen of Ulster are firm enemies of Home Rule, and the vote which makes them jubilant has exasperated the Catholics. Orange processions were stoned and several persons were killed in the broils which ensued.

The Duc D'Aumale.

The original proposition of the French Radicals that all members of the former royal families should be banished from France was defeated, and the bill, as carried, provided for the immediate expulsion of the leading pretenders only. The second clause, however, empowered the government to issue at its discretion edicts of banishment which would remove the remaining princes. The Duc D'Aumale is the first to feel the force of this decree. He is the son of King Louis Philippe and the uncle of the Count of Paris. Entering the army at an early period he served with some distinction and attained the rank of a general of division. He was deprived of his military commission by the republican government, which has removed all members of the so-called dynastic families from their positions in the army and navy. The duke responded with a manifesto adroitly worded to arouse the sympathy of his fellow soldiers and denying the right of the government to take away an honor which he had earned in battle. Boulanger, the Minister of War, replied that the duke owed his advancement to the fact that he was the son of a king rather than to any merit which he had exhibited on the battle-field. The cabinet decided that the presence of D'Aumale was dangerous to the public welfare, and under the second clause of the recent law he was banished. He immediately went to England, whither his father went in 1848, and where he will share the exile of his nephew.

The River and Harbor Bill.

The River and Harbor Appropriation Bill for the ensuing fiscal year passed the Senate July 16. The annual consideration of this measure is the cause of much scandal. The essential purpose of the act is to advance the commercial interests of the country. Under its provisions river and harbor channels are deepened, breakwaters are built, canals are dug, and navigation is aided in many ways. The bill serves a good purpose. But its abuses are scandalous. There are Congressmen whose chances for re-election depend upon the amount of public money expended in their district. Such legislators apply their energies to securing an item in the River and Harbor Bill providing for the expenditure of some thousands of dollars for the improvement of the local water-way. One man secures votes for his proposition by aiding a fellow-member who also has an item, and by this "log-rolling" method item after item is tacked onto the bill. The measure which passed the House a few months ago was larger than any of its predecessors save one, and the Senate added its amendments until the sum appropriated was so great that a motion prevailed to cut down each item one fourth. Thus reduced, the bill involves an outlay of some $14,000,000. It now goes back to the Lower House for conference and agreement.

A Brief Survey.

C. D. Graham, a cooper, succeeded in passing the whirlpool rapids at Niagara, July 11, in a cask of peculiar construction.——Three thousand men are on a strike in the tanneries of Massachusetts, demanding fifty-nine hours of work per week the year round instead of sixty-six in summer and fifty-two in winter.——The wires of the telegraph, telephone, and electric light companies in New York city are to be placed in a culvert under the street, in obedience to a recent law.——Master Workman Powderly of the Knights of Labor is being urged as the Democratic candidate for governor of Pennsylvania. He has not, however, signified his intentions.——A large amount of tin ore recently sent to the smelting works from the Black Hills is said to be the first tin mined on this continent. The deposits are reported to be of great value.——The School of Philosophy at Concord, Mass., holds its session July 14–29. Dante and Plato are the subjects of discussion this year. ——The President continues to veto private pension bills carelessly passed by Congress. He has issued a circular to government officials warning them against the use of their official positions in attempts to control political movements in their localities.——Storms of rain and hail, accompanied by thunder, lightning, and heavy winds, caused wide-spread damage in the Northern States July 14, 15.

Public meetings in Peru petition the government to expel the Jesuits from the republic.——Twelve Germans have been chosen to the Provincial Council of Alsace-Lorraine. This is a German gain, for the people of this province have sturdily resisted the efforts of the conquerors to turn their sympathies from France to Germany.——Dispatches from South Africa indicate the discovery of navigable rivers which will greatly enhance the commercial value of the Congo State.——The anniversary of the fall of the Paris Bastile was observed by republican Frenchmen July 14.——A new treaty has been signed between Great Britain and the United States in relation to the mutual surrender of criminals. The agreement has yet to be ratified.——Björnstjerne Björnson, the Norwegian poet, recently returned to his native country and was received with the grandest popular demonstration ever seen in Norway.

Publishers' Department.

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FOR TEACHERS IN DAY SCHOOLS.

THE following letter, received from one of our missionaries in India, is full of valuable suggestions to teachers in secular schools:

AMERICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL MISSION,
BIJNOR, INDIA, June 4, 1886.

MY DEAR DOCTOR:

OUR YOUTH came to this far-off home in sight of the lofty Himalayas.

I was once an Ohio school-teacher, and OUR YOUTH makes me almost regret that I am not back again in my little district school instead of here.

I didn't know then what I wanted. Now I know that it was OUR YOUTH. I spared no expense then to keep my scholars interested in the world outside of their own district. I bought and lent "Robinson Crusoe," "Pilgrim's Progress," "Sanford and Merton," and "St. Nicholas," besides having every reader and numerous histories on my desk, to which all had full and free access. I hate school-readers, and in upper classes only used them as openings to broader fields of literature.

I wanted OUR YOUTH just then to be the pioneer to enter the jungles of ignorance in our homes and clear some of the underbrush away.

I can't do that now, but I have done the next best thing. I have friends in the County Institute there, and I have written them what I would like to do if I were there, namely:

I would send $10 for ten copies of OUR YOUTH. The upper classes should digest each issue as follows: Three reading lessons, three grammar and rhetoric, three spelling lessons, two geography, two history, weekly.

The papers should be bought of the treasurer at ten cents per month. Who would not buy, would not take home? All would buy. When school closed for vacation the nine most deserving would carry away nine of the unexpired subscriptions. I would keep the tenth and keep up with the times.

I have tried to give our teachers a review of the paper by saying that "it has just what every boy and his sister wants to know, and that it contains nothing harum-scarum, dare-devilish, unreliable, goody-goody, etc.," but they must see it.

I think it would pay to send copies to teachers who would speak of it in their institutes and suggest such a plan.

With every wish for your success, yours very hastily and truly,

N. L. ROCKEY, *Missionary.*

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"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity."—*Milton.*

—"Has the Dude a Mission?" asks a magazine writer. He has—an omission in the head.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Herr Schmidt to his wife—"I always judge people by the first impression produced on me, and I have never been deceived."

Little Ludwig—"Papa, what kind of an impression did I produce on you when you saw me for the first time?"—*Fliegende Blätter.*

—A presiding elder congratulated a pastor in his district on the salubrious air he was living in.

"Yes," he naïvely replied, "if I could live on it as well as in it my lot would be a happy one."—*Warwick Advertiser.*

—"Mamma, what's hereditary?" asked Bobby, laboriously tripping over the syllables of the long word.

"Why, it is—any thing you get from your father or me," replied the mother, a little puzzled for a definition suited to his years.

Silence of two minutes.

"Then, ma," he asked, "is spankin's hereditary?"—*Tidbits.*

—They have some bright pupils in the Tyngsborough schools. At the examination the other day a boy was asked,

"What are the warmth-producing foods?"

His reply was,

"Cayenne pepper and Jamaica ginger."—*Lewiston Journal.*

—The water carts of Lowell are decorated with patent medicine advertisements. An innocent Irishman from the rural districts looked at one the other day and remarked,

"Faith, it's no wondher Lowell is healthy whin they wather the streets with ——'s Sarsaparilla."—*Lowell Citizen.*

—Gaelic-American citizen—"Is there aught in the mail for Sandy McDougall?"

Celtic-American postmaster—"Is it the letther mail or the oat male ye mane, ye bloody-minded furriner? It's alike ye say both ov thim."—*Ex.*

—Speaking of Chinamen, the historian fell in with one of the race the other day directly in front of Jordan & Marsh's store, where there wasn't much to gaze at except the dainty costumes displayed in the window. There was a very peculiar sort of smile clearly perceptible in the Chinaman's face.

"Not many dresses like that for the ladies in China, John," said the Caucasian.

The Chinaman's superior smile extended noticeably in either direction.

"Chinese ladies do no likee such dlesses," said he. "Too much cloth; likee show small feet. Melican lady heap big feet"—and he measured off a space of about two feet in the air with his hands; "gottee wear big dless — no likee show feet."—*Boston Record.*

—Uncle Jake (to his chums, as an illustration of the simplicity of a stage-load of city folks recently under his charge)—"Ez we turned Claggett's Bluff, about seven o'clock, the hull crowd busted out in 'Os!' an' 'Ahs!' an' what d'ye s'pose 'twas all about? Why, one of them *common red an' yaller sunsets!*"—*Harper's Bazar.*

—Mrs. Watson is one of these energetic, quick-motioned women who carry their work by assault. One day she had started across the room on some errand, but midway forgot what it was.

"What was I going for?" she asked aloud.

Two-year-old, seated on the floor and always liable to be swept up in one of her mother's hurricane passages, asked meekly,

"Was—oo—goin'—for—me?"—*Chicago Living Church.*

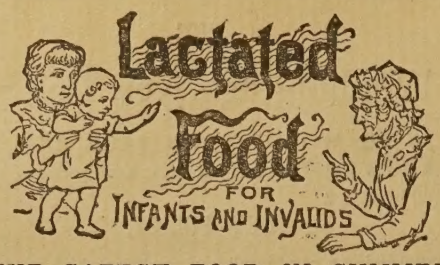
—A teacher in one of the Indian schools relates the following incident of an Indian boy's quick thought. He had asked the meaning of the word "miss." To miss, I told him, is the same as to fail. You shoot at a bird or at a mark, and do not hit it—you miss it. You go to a tailor for a coat, and your coat fits badly—it is a misfit. You hope to enter the middle class next year, but you cannot pass the examinations, and so you miss the promotion.

His face wore a puzzled air, and he shook his head.

"Then," said I, "there is another meaning of miss. We call a married woman madame, but an unmarried woman miss."

His face brightened. He smiled and nodded.

"Ah, I see," said he. "She has missed her man."—*Ex.*



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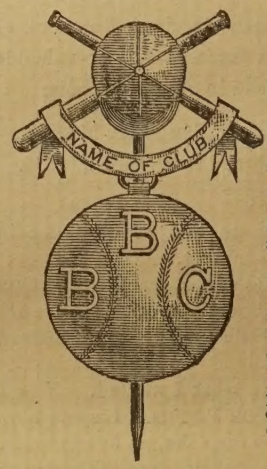

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